

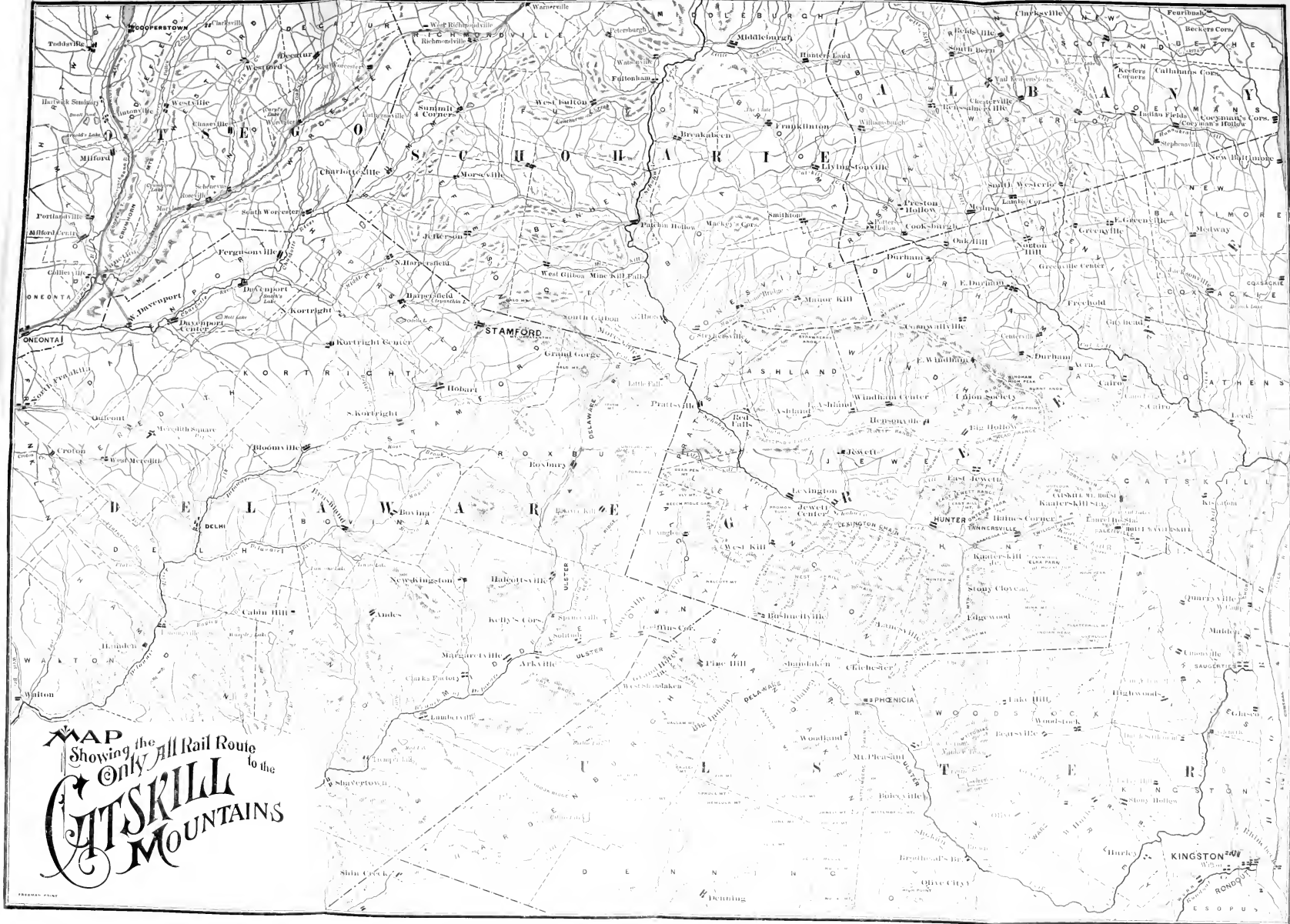
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THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

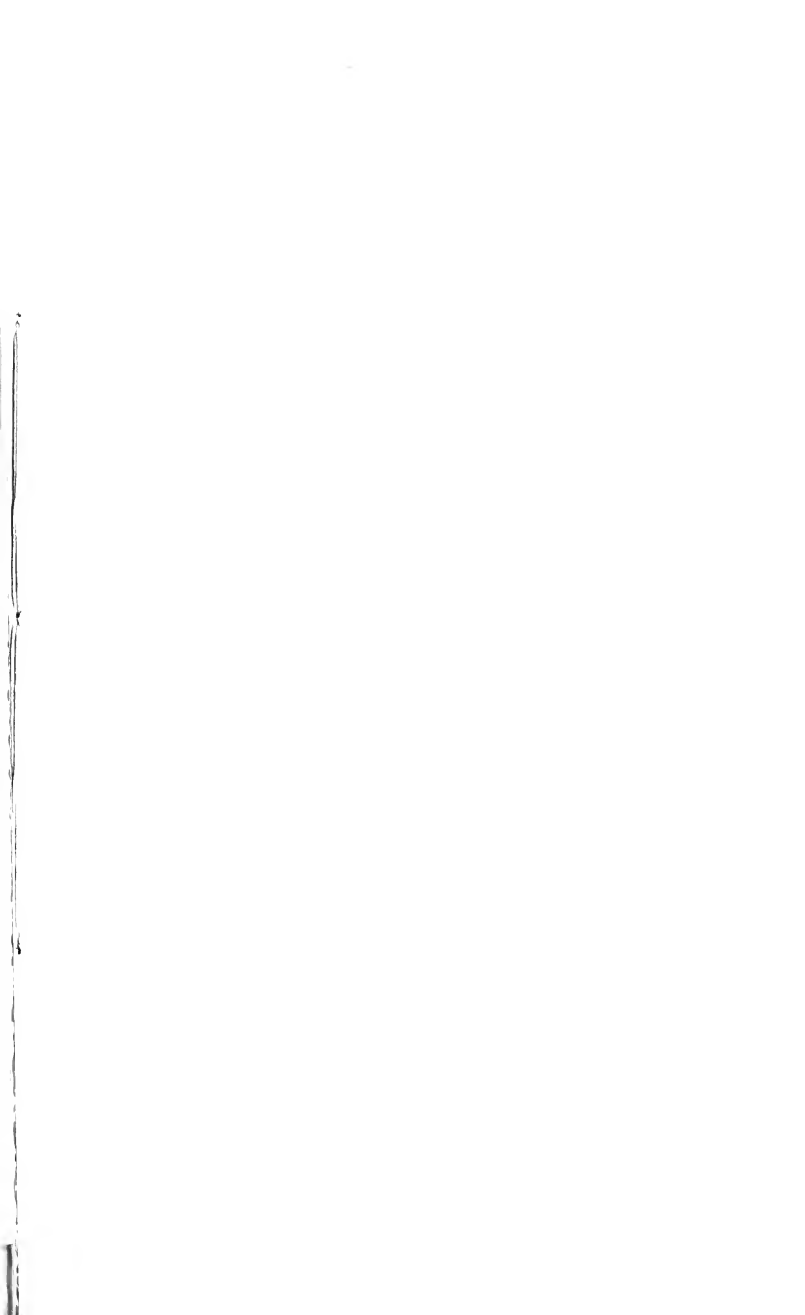
The most
picturesque
MOUNTAIN REGION ON
the
GLOBE

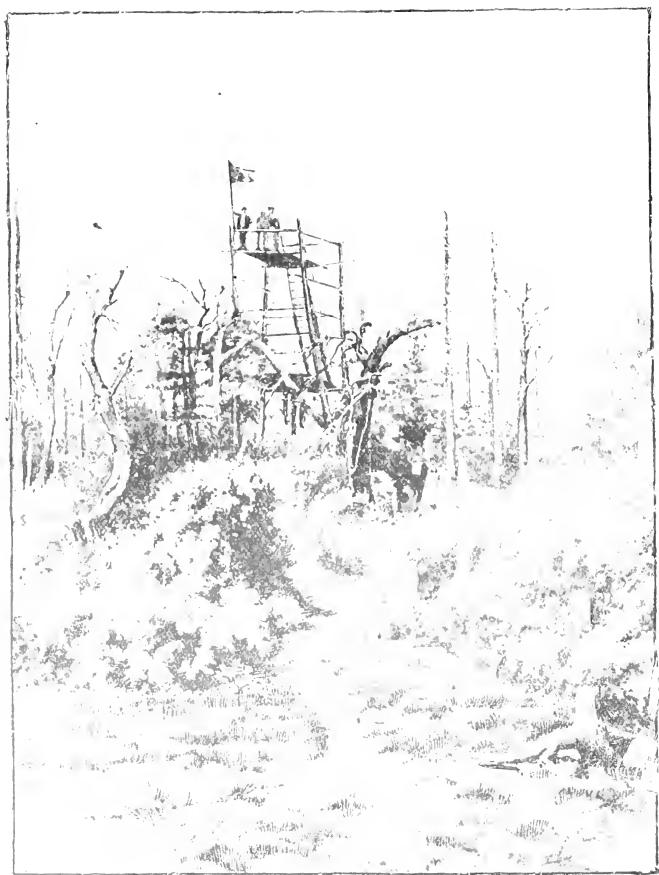


ULSTER & DELAWARE
R.R.



MAP
Showing the
Only All Rail Route
to the
CATSKILL
MOUNTAINS



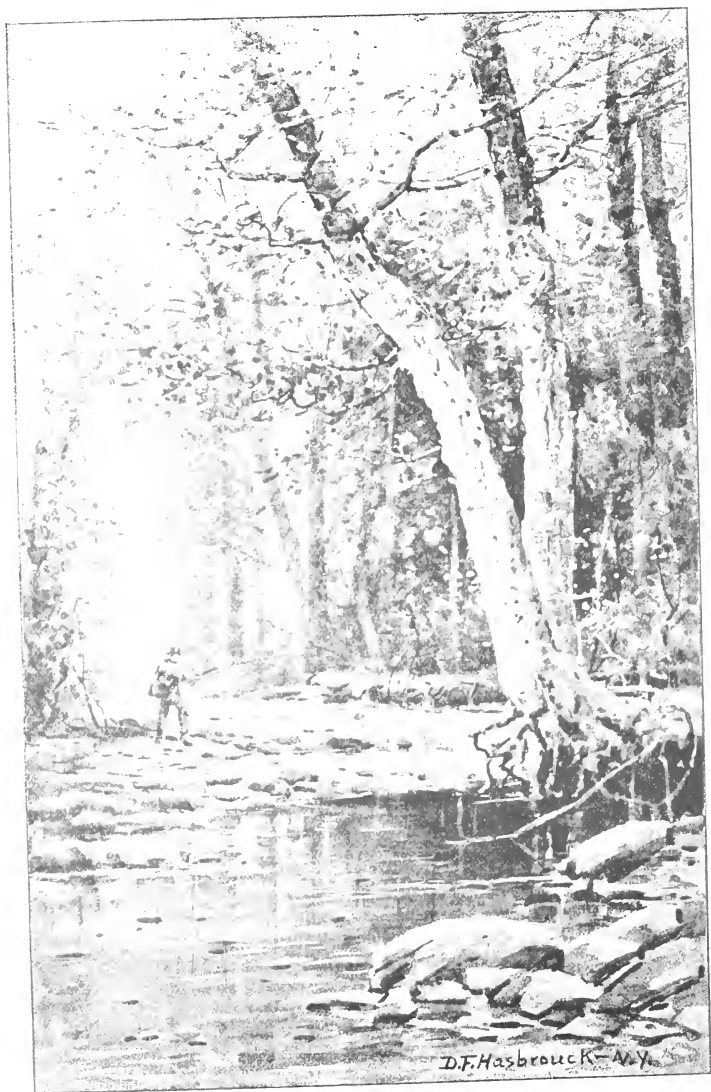




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D.F. Hasbrouck - N.Y.



The Catskill Mountains

"Like mighty thinkers there they stand
Above the soft green pasture land;
Those grand, calm heights, like sages, hold
Such treasures heaped from crises of old;
Unquenched the living waters flow
Which verdure brings to fells below."

WITH the brilliant record of the Catskill range as a summer resort, reaching back over twenty-five years, it would be natural to assume that little need be said now as to just where and what it is. Yet such an assumption would be hasty and inaccurate, and this book would be incomplete unless proper reference were made to the location and structure of this most interesting mountain group. This will appear evident in view of the fact that its visitors are no longer confined to the residents of a single State or nation, but come from every corner of the civilized world.

Another reason for printing the brief paragraphs which appear under this title is to remove the strange notion that the Catskills are in danger of becoming a suburb of New York City. Overheated city journalists, who were condemned to think and write in their hot sanctums were guilty of heralding this brilliant injustice. The railroads have indeed done wonders for this famous mountain resort, but they never can remove a single one of the ninety or more scenic miles which separate the charming region from that great metropolis of the western world. The romantic Catskills will never be annexed to New York City; nor shall their picturesque wildness and noble grandeur ever be sacrificed or lost in the dissolving shadows of material ideas in brick and mortar. The shades of Rip Van Winkle forbid.

The Catskill Mountains form a spur of the Appalachian system which stretches along the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Alabama. Their trend is from southeast to northwest, or at right angles to the





Legends and History

NOTHING is known concerning the general history of the character mentioned region to its present condition. The record of the seventeenth and even the eighteenth century is so fragmentary and incomplete, that it is to suspect that the chroniclers of that period were not so far from the scene with the famous author of *Kip Van Winkle*, who was to appear upon the scene with his magic pen and realistic imagination, ten or fifteen years later, or with the immortal creator of *Leatherstocking*, the most eloquent woodsman that ever lived. Even the name of authentic ventures cautiously in the corridors of the remote and pre-historic past. But if anything were needed to invest the locality with additional enchantment and interest it would be most effectively supplied by these very facts. The embers of speculation are ever ready for the rekindling influences of such favoring romantic conditions.

Just who it was who first sailed up this beautiful Hudson River—called by the Indians "*Cohohatada*," meaning river of the Mountain—seems of late to be a matter of some doubt. The fact that the celebrated navigators *Verrazano* and *Gomez* were at least at the mouth of the river nearly a hundred years before *Hendrick Hudson* arrived there in his "*Half Moon*" is now well established, and it is highly probable that even they were antedated by other explorers. *Verrazano* says: "We took the boat, and, entering the river, we found the country on its banks well peopled, and inhabitants not differing much from the others, being dressed out with feathers of birds of various colors. This was in 1524.

But, without stopping further to analyze the priority of *Hudson's* claim, it is sufficient to note here that in 1609, when he first ventured up the noble stream in his curious Dutch ship, he was attracted by these great hills against the sky, and cast his anchor for a short inspection.

56 N. N. H. 101450 H. J. C.

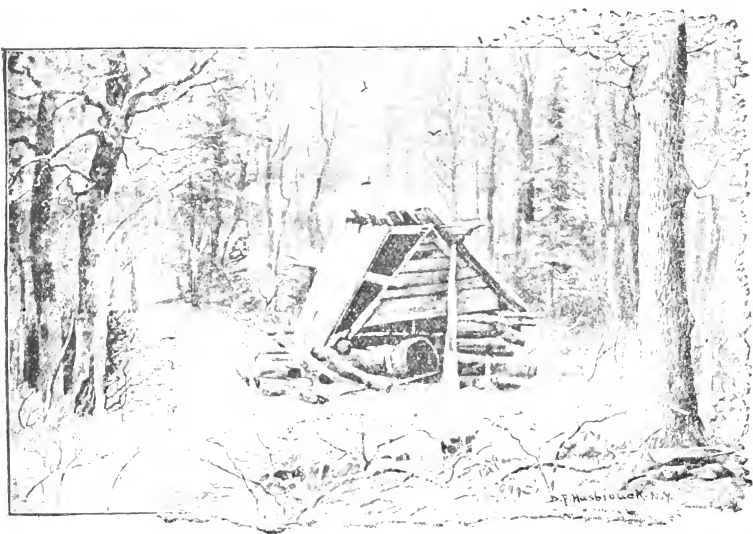


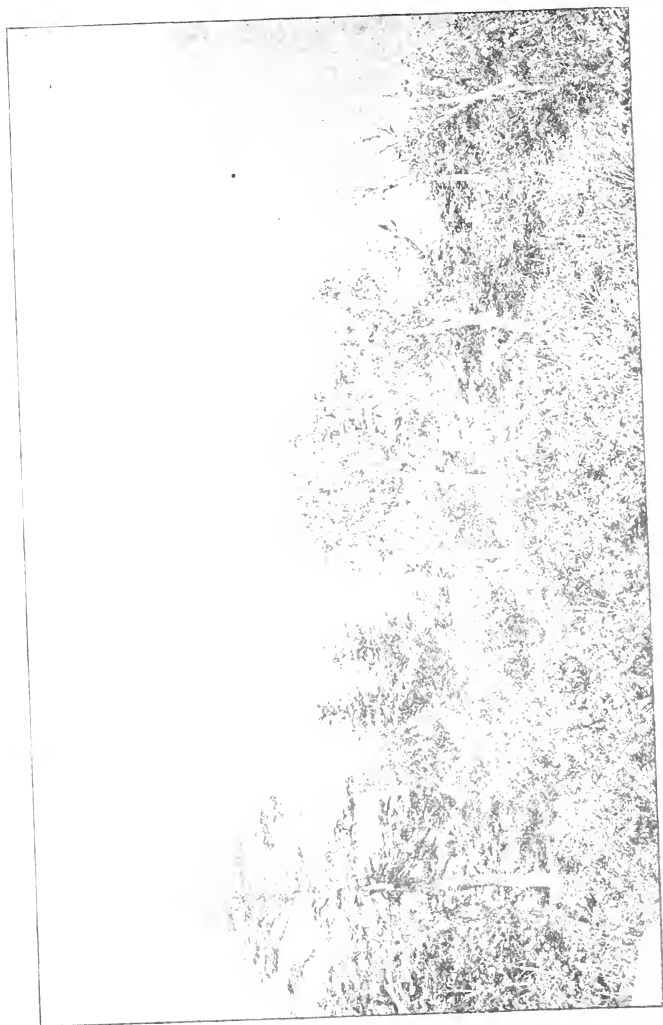
men. He went ashore and was hospitably received and entertained by the Iroquois Indians, who were then in possession of the region. They took the navigator and his small party of sailors into a large hut which had an external covering of oak bark. In the rude house was stored their harvest of corn and beans. Mats were spread upon the round floor of the hut, and upon these the Dutch visitors sat. A pile of food from a huge wooden bowl was brought. The Indians also killed a fattened dog in honor of the great strangers, and to excite the appetites of their white visitors. There was no visible sign that the sturdy sailors seem to have been in the least intimidated by the war-cup.

Would that a picture of this primitive scene were preserved on this page, but unfortunately there was no artist at that spot, and the kodak had not yet been invented.

Then for sixty-nine years the records are silent, again, regarding the Catskills. But on the eighth day of July, 1614, a company of Dutch and English gentlemen assembled at the castle of Albany, where they met Hahok-Nemham, the ruling Indian chief and his leading representatives of his tribe. Here after a lengthy and serious conference with the noted red men of the forest, the entire large portion of this mountain region was effected. In return for certain trinkets and trifles of stupendous value to the Indians, the title, with its curious hieroglyphics, was passed on to the Dutch. The original owners of the Catskills—hills of the sky—had thus gradually disappeared from the locality.

The untutored red men regarded these mountains with profound veneration and a feeling of superstitious awe. They regarded the magnificent hills as the abode of a great and powerful spirit, who controlled the elements of earth, made the sun, moon and stars manifest, and in a large measure governed the universe. To the Dutch settlers, who immediately succeeded the Indians, and to the high mountain peaks "Keykouts" lookouts or overlooks, were the point of the intrepid navigator dwelt and watched over the *Keykouts*, which has since borne his name. There is a wealth of Indian lore and Dutch tradition which is readily adapted to the fertile fancies of the





upon which the sunshine and shadows of centuries have chased each other in cosmic glee. Go down into the enchanting cañons, dark, deep and cool; the wild and rocky gorges where the shimmering trout streams babble melodiously among the gnarled roots, the mossy boulders and smooth pebbles, to the echoing refrain of the beetlelike walls of mountain which surround them. Listen to the mellow cadence of Nature's breath as it floats in upon your ear fresh from the verdant throat of the mountain. Nor sight nor sound mars nor disturbs the peaceful harmony of this arcadian realm. Look up yonder toward the head of the gorge where the sparkling water, tired of threading its winding way through many a rocky gulch, weary of its lazy, dreamy life among the stones and roots of quiet pools, suddenly leaps madly, beautifully over the precipice, down, down, hundreds of feet, to the bottom of the gorge in which you stand. See the slender scarf as it leaves the jutting table-rock and breaks into a sheeny shower of fleecy foam in its downward plunge, sending up a misty spray which bedews the surrounding foliage and paints the rainbow amid the sunbeams. Climb to the breezy crests that crown these lofty crags. Here among the clouds you are brought in contact with new and wondrous atmospheric phenomena. The filmy vapor fits up the mountain side, and scuds past your cheeks on the wings of the wind. Enveloped now as amid an ocean, with no sound or hint of life, anon the veil is lifted, the sun looks down upon you and the checkered valley slumbers in marvelous beauty at your feet. Or, sit upon this colossal boulder, dropped as a pebble from some mighty hand, and watch the gathering fury of a storm.

Again, at daybreak, as the sun peers over the eastern horizon and glints the sleeping landscape with amber and gold, a rolling mass of clouds will be seen to cover the valley thousands of feet below, while the air and sky above are clear and blue. Anon, as the vapor begins to scatter in sublime commotion under the rays of the rising sun, the scene becomes indescribably beautiful. Many an artist has tried to enchain upon his canvass these early morning scenes of the cloud-mantled valley. Then the fleeting, angry showers of mid-day, which so often gather, break and finish their noisy, bustling career far below





The Mission, Freer, Tex.

for mountain air, while highly beneficial in itself, does not embrace nor explain all the advantages which are found to result. Eminent medical writers are now devoting most careful thought to this subject. Hence the first question of every intelligent seeker of rest and vigor now is, "Where shall I get the best air?"

There is a delightful dryness in the air of the higher Catskills which is inimical to pulmonary affections, and this same quality is found highly beneficial to all enervated persons who live rapidly or work exhaustively in the field of business activity. One can sit on the breezy verandas up here, feel cool and even cold, without danger, so dry and pure is the air. Indeed, a brisk walk on these broad platforms in the early morning, and again in the evening, cold and breezy as it may appear, is worth a whole ton of doctors' prescriptions of patent medicines. Then, too, the perturbed soul will find a soothing, pacifying influence in this natural pharmacy of the skies which is easier to enjoy than define. There is a quiet solemnity pervading the atmosphere which impresses the visitor so deeply that he actually forgets to worry and fret over his cares and responsibilities for the time. This is not an imaginary picture: thousands have sat upon these rugged rocks and enjoyed the realization of it all.

Like the scenery, this air is absolutely free. You can stand on the rocks and look away over thirty thousand square miles of varied and beautiful landscape, belonging to seven or eight different States, and you may use a thousand cubic inches of the choicest air every minute of the day and night, with no fear of exhausting the supply; all without a porter's fee.

The exceptional purity of the water is next in importance. This is in copious supply, bubbling up in sparkling springs, rippling forth from rocky crevice, tumbling over shelving precipices, urging on some ponderous wheel, or shimmering o'er the lazy trout. In fact, the water is good to drink, even very excellent for this purpose. It is cool and pleasant to the taste, and its effects upon the system are highly beneficial.

Thus, as the days of your mountain sojourn go by, there is a revitalizing process tingling through every part of your organism.



THE OLD STAGE COACH

It nearly 40 years after the Catskills were first settled, and some of the region remained unsettled for a century or more. A hard and dusty stage ride on a lumbering stage coach over a wild, stony, rocky road and up steep mountain sides was the only mode of travel. The stage coach was a wholly unimproved stage. A possible horse rider at any time was not the best of luck, or had to be a good horse rider, down into the valley. It was not enough to be an experienced rider of mountain grades, but to be a man of health and vigor with a goodly share of endurance to stand the journey. Travelers who would be most delighted by the air and scenery, rarely attempted the trip. This, however, was about the situation of travel to the Catskill Mountains from 1845, when the first cabin hotel was built, until 1870, when the iron rails began to reach out among the hills. Of course the stage ride was somewhat shortened and improved by better roads and appliances during the latter portion of that period, but the steep and stony miles were all there, the jaded horses and the rocking stage. The discomfort and fatigue of the journey were only lessened in degree. Visitors were still expected to relieve the poor horses by walking up the steepest hills. Nobody was really requested to do this, of course, in view of the ample price paid for riding. But the drivers were experienced and loquacious old mountain whips, and they had a way of getting their passengers out on their feet for an occasional heavy mile or so, "just to rest their legs." This was rarely resented by the average traveler, who, most likely, had been watching the tugging, over-heated, and, perhaps, short-winded horses uneasily and with some compassion. But this mountain visit could only be made at the price of much physical discomfort.

Meanwhile the most charming portion of the range, the wild and



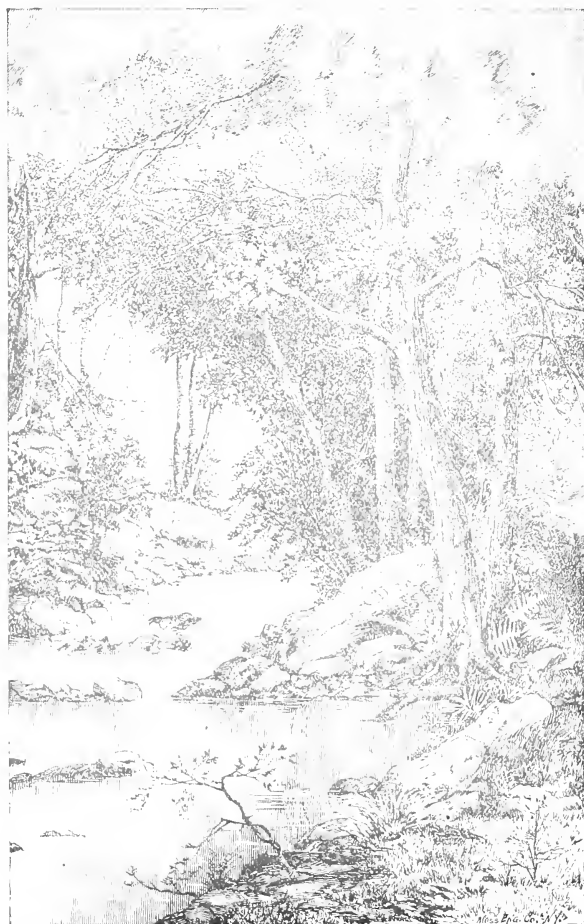
The Ulster & Delaware Railroad

THE advent of the iron horse in 1825 marked the new era in the history of these favored mountains, as it has in the development and progress of so large a share of human effort in these modern times. The iron rails reached over from the river to the mountains across and over the hills themselves. The construction of the Ulster & Delaware Railroad was begun in 1846. Everybody looked upon it as a wild project, with little chance of success, and the enterprise proceeded slowly at first. But those enlisted in the scheme had faith in the final result, and they resolved not to be deterred.

The line was not an easy one to build. There was indeed a natural valley or pass through the mountains which the engineers could and did follow. Yet this valley was exceedingly crooked and tortuous, and there were many things to consider and provide for. Even now, the observing tourist will have doubts whether nature ever intended that man should scratch a railroad through this valley. The grade would be necessarily heavy most of the way, and there was a fearful, nervous mountain stream, with many excitable and wayward little tributaries pouring in from every gorge and gulch. Most of the time all these were quiet and inoffensive enough. The speckled trout sported lazily in the crystal water, the streams glistened in the noon-day sun like silver threads in the wool of the mountain, and all night long their rippling refrain made sweet melody in the wild woodland. But when the floods came and the deep snows melted, these pretty hills grew wild with their own importance. They swelled into large roaring torrents in a few hours, flooding the narrow valley, and growing so angry as to carry everything down before them—bridges, embankments, trestles, roadways—nothing was respected. True, these streams had never been in conflict with a railroad, but there was every reason to believe they would treat this like all other modern innovations of man. And not with increased antagonism and disrespect. Such, at least, was the judgment of the engineers, and they built the road upon this theory.



The Kingsland Hotel




Mess. Ep. Co. N.Y.



The King's Palace





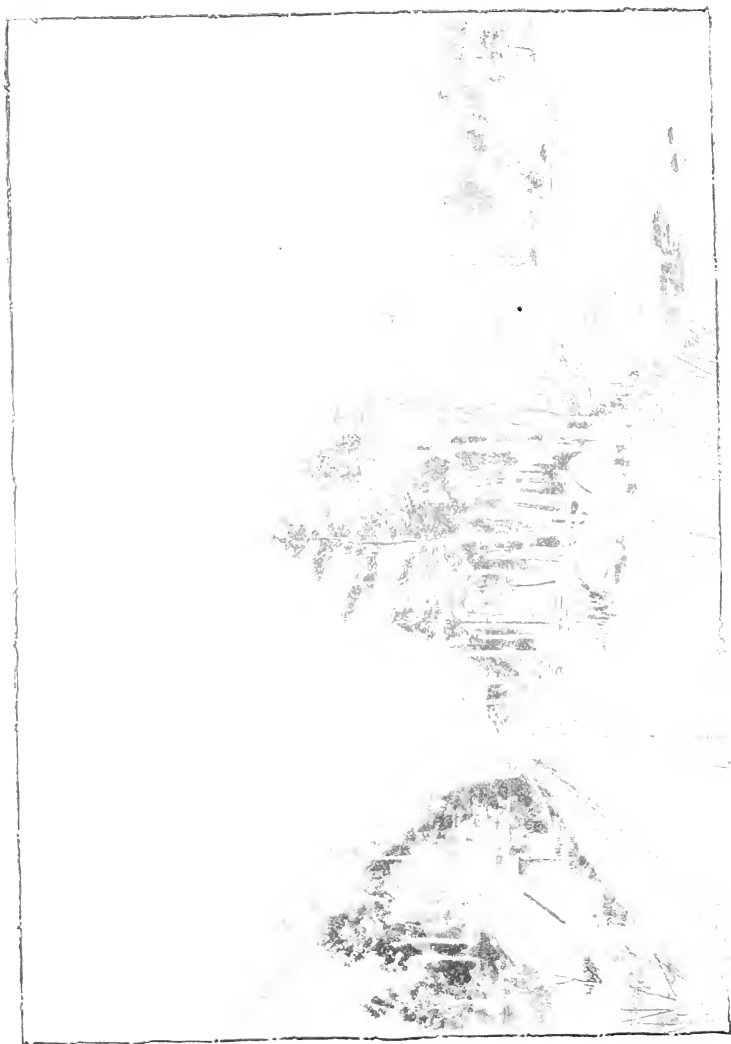
WEST HURLEY is the first station on the hill. It is a little hamlet lying on the left, largely devoted to the quarry and shipping of bluestone, which is abundant in this vicinity. There is here a hotel and several stores and shops. But the stop which is made here is important chiefly because of the connection with the Overlook Mountain House. Visitors for the Overlook Mountain, Woodstock Village and the adjacent region may leave the train and take the stage which are standing at this point. The house which is near the base of the mountain, 1075 feet above tide, stands out more boldly than any of the mountain top, which seems very high and attractive from here. The little Woodstock village, not visible from here, nestles in the very base of the mountain, five miles away. It has a good hotel and there are several boarding houses scattered all about. Lord's Mountain House, one of the oldest, resides in this region, is about 700 feet up the Overlook Mountain, on a commanding ridge. The Overlook Hotel is just another two miles steady climb away; but the road is splendid, and the beauty and view of its surroundings is a great reward. In the forests a road, excellent and beautiful, winds, and though it is five or six miles below the mountain are long and straight, with a always a high and commanding eastward view near the sky at the end.

The railroad is now nearly level and about as straight as it ever goes. Straight roads and mountains are in fact nearly totally incompatible, hence the Overlook train was made to climb that way.

The train speeds rapidly over the level stretch of track. Brief stops are made at

OLIVE BRANCH and BROODHEAD STATION on the way, unless the train is an express, which for passenger purposes it is not. This is indeed a remarkably peaceful locality, well supplied with modest boarding houses, where tired humanity can rest and revel in the air of the foot-hills with careless abandon, and at low rates. You will have noticed that at West Hurley the trend of the mountains turned to the west, almost at right angles with the eastern front.

BROODHEAD'S BRIDGE, the next stop, is another bluestone depot, with a rubbing and planing mill. Nothing in sight tempts one



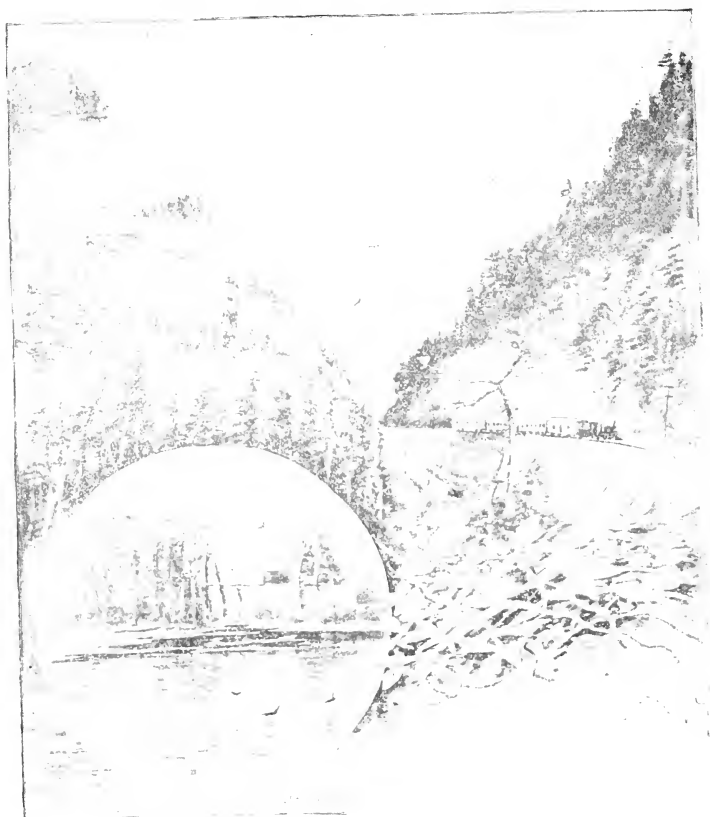
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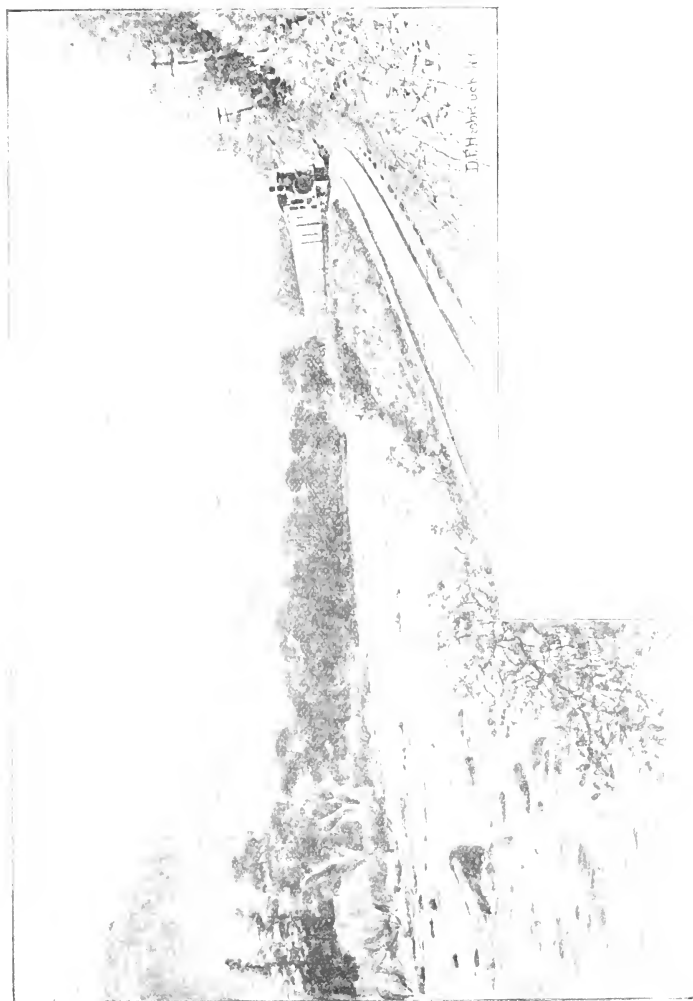
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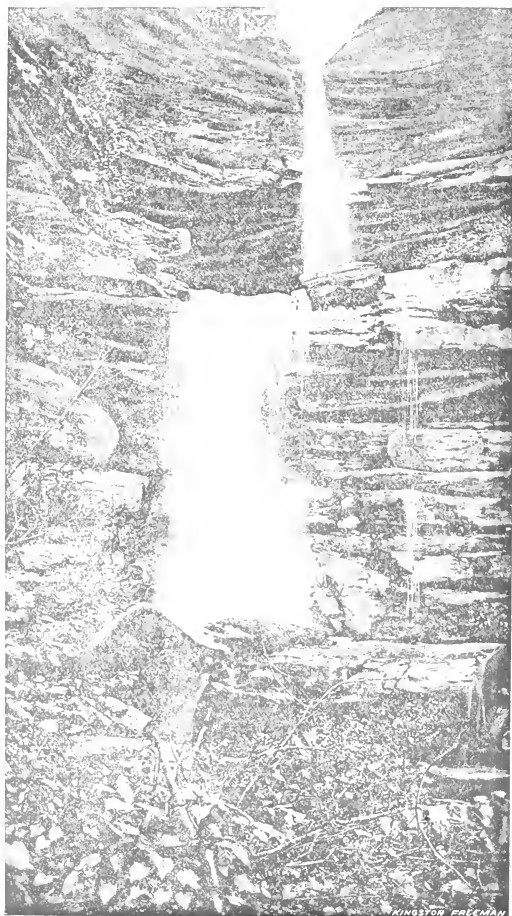
D.F. Macle 1912

HOBART is four miles farther down the Delaware River. The run from Stamford to Hobart along the crooked river is full of interest. The stream winds so often and so abruptly that it is said, standing at a certain point, one can shoot an arrow that will cross it four times. Hobart is a pretty little village, a history antedating the Revolution. The old name was Waterford, there being a fine falls and water power there. The present name was finally settled upon at the suggestion of Rev. E. W. Chace, the church rector, and subsequently Bishop of Md. There are several churches and numerous pleasant hotels and boarding houses, and a number of summer visitors is rapidly increasing each season. It is seventy-eight miles from Rondout and 160 miles above it.

The running of parlor cars through this point proved a great convenience to Delaware visitors. From Philadelphia and New York to Stamford and Hobart without change, in a few hours, will be accomplished, was, indeed, a very gratifying feature to many visitors.

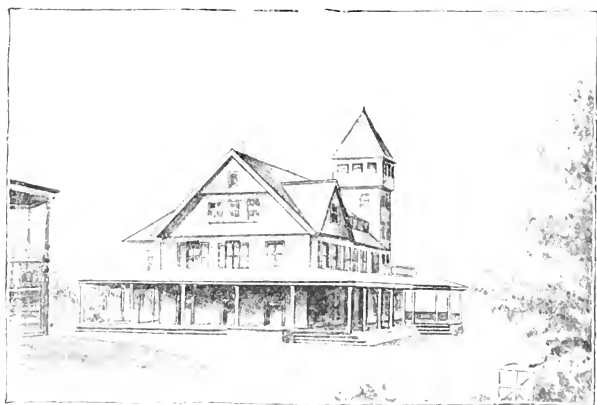
SOUTH KORTRIGHT is the name of a small town, four miles up the river. This town was settled by an early party of sturdy Scotch and Irish people who came to the river to escape Indian depredations and troubles. The town is now of little interest, but has been patiently awaiting the coming of the railroad. It is the center of a rich dairy district, and has a few hotels and boarding houses for summer visitors.

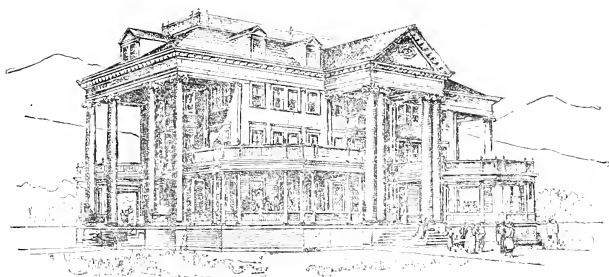
LOOMVILLE, about five miles up the river, is a small town on a stream, is the end of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. It is about eight miles from Stamford, and is reached by stage after an interesting drive, and is a beautiful spot in a pretty locality.

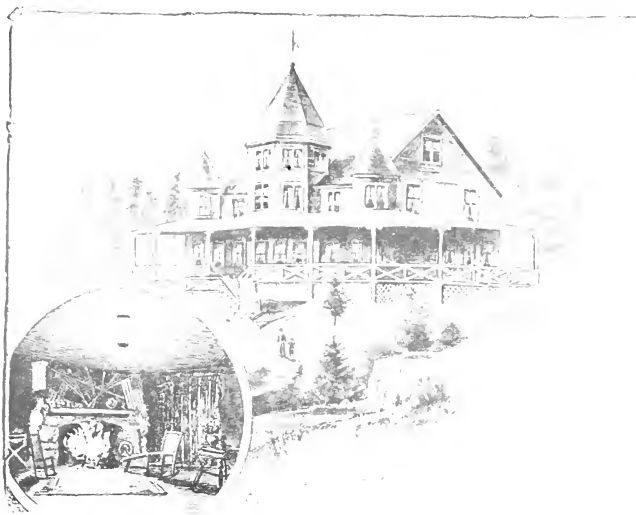


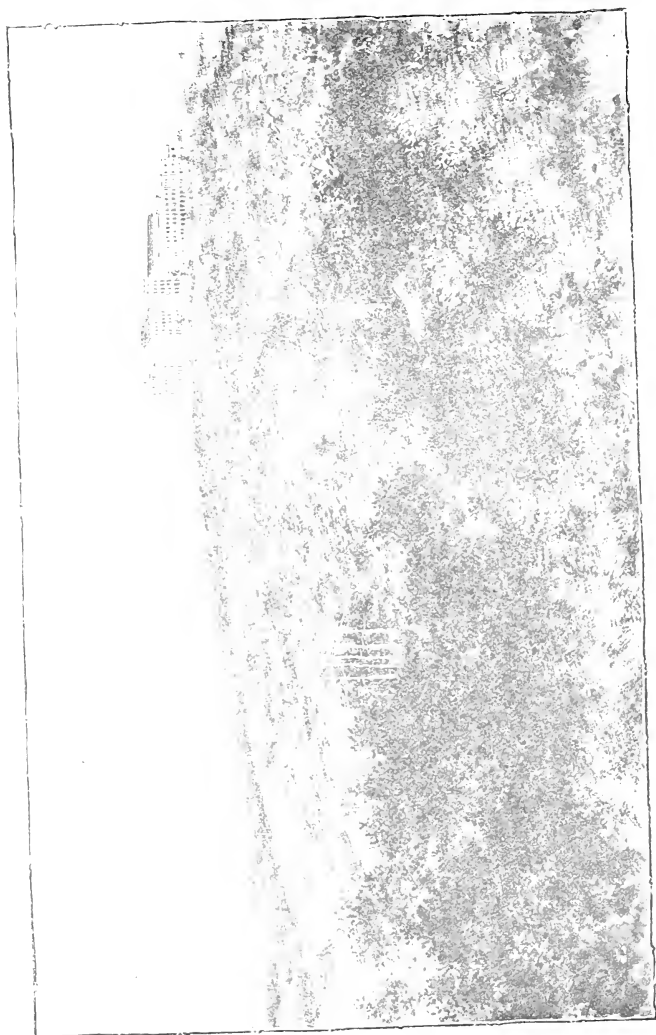
KINGSYON FREEMAN

...purchased large tracts of mountain land, and are now developing
... parks with fine roads and numerous handsome summer dwellings.









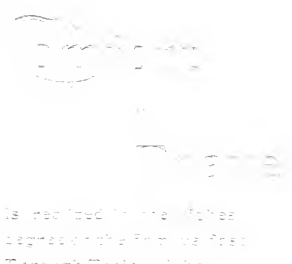












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For further information

See the GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY NOTE BOOK.

W. H. FUGGLES.

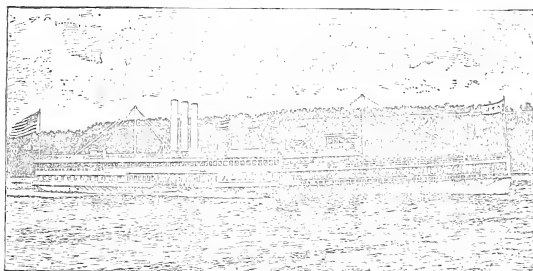
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BROOKLYN, (by Annex)	8.00 A. M.	NEW YORK, 22d St. Pier, N. R.,	9.00 A. M.
NEW YORK, Desbrosses St. Pier.	8.40	ALBANY, foot of Hamilton St.,	8.30

Connecting at RHINEBECK (by Ferry) with Express Trains on the
ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD for all points in the

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

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THE superb steamers of the Day Line are the fastest in the world and are the finest of their class afloat. They are designed exclusively for the passenger service and carry no freight. Their rich furnishings, costly paintings, private parlors and main deck dining rooms, commanding the river scenery have given them a world-wide reputation.

Excursion Tickets to Catskill Mountain Points are for sale at all the New York and Brooklyn Offices of the Day Line at reduced rates. Baggage checked through to destination.

Send Six Cents for copy of "SUMMER EXCURSION BOOK."

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:::Ulster & Delaware:::
Railroad.

Only All-Rail Route . . .

TO THE

PICTURESQUE

. . . Catskill Mountains.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT

→* May 11th, 1895. *←

N. A. SIMS,

GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT

GENERAL OFFICES,

RONDOUT, N. Y.

ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Distances from Rondout. Elevation in feet above tide water.	9	7	13	23
		Daily.	Daily, except Sunday.	Saturday Only.	Daily.
WEST SHORE R. R.					
Le. Jersey City, P. R. R.		AM	AM		
" N. Y., Franklin Street		3 15	11 20		
" N. Y., West 43d Street		3 30	11 35		
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.					
Le. N. Y., Grand Cen. Stn.			AM		
			11 30		
HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE.					
Le. N. Y., Desbrosses Street			AM		
" N. Y., W. 23d Street Pier			8 40		
			9 00		
NIGHT LINE STEAMERS.					
Le. N. Y., Foot W. 10th St.		PM *4 00			
Le. Rondout	0	Tide	AM	PM	PM
" Kingston	2	184	7 53	8 55	6 50
" Fair Street Depot	3	150	7 57	9 08	7 10
" Stony Hollow	8	410	8 06	9 12	7 13
" West Hurley	9	530	8 17	9 21	7 21
" Olive Branch	12	511	8 24	9 31	7 30
" Brown's Station	15	525	8 31	9 38	7 37
" Brodhead's Bridge	17	500	8 37	9 45	7 43
" Shokan	18	533	8 42	9 51	7 48
" Boiceville	21	615	8 48	9 55	7 52
" Cold Brook	22	675	8 52	10 01	7 58
" Mt Pleasant	24	700	8 59	10 05	8 02
" Phoenicia	27	798	9 10	10 18	8 15
" Atlanti	32	990	9 23	10 26	8 25
" Shandaken	33	1060	9 28	10 39	8 29
" Big Indian	36	1260	9 45	10 44	8 42
" Pine Hill	39	1560	10 00	10 55	8 49
" Grand Hotel Station	41	1886	10 10	11 09	8 57
" Fleischmann's	44	1516	10 19	11 18	9 05
" Arkville	48	1344	10 32	11 27	9 13
" Kelly's Corners	51	1374	10 39	11 36	9 23
" Halcottville	53	1339	10 44	11 45	9 30
" Roxbury	59	1497	10 57	11 54	9 35
" Grand Gorge	65	1570	11 11	12 02	9 47
" South Gilboa	71	1845	11 23	12 11	9 57
" Stamford	74	1767	11 32	12 20	10 01
" Hobart	78	1614	11 42	12 30	10 10
" South Kortright	82	1550	11 52	12 40	10 20
Ar. Bloomville	87	1550	12 03	12 50	10 30
		PM	PM	PM	PM

*Except Sundays and one o'clock on Saturdays.

Hudson River Day Line Steamers first trip from New York, May 28.

ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Distances from Bloomville.	8	2	22
		Daily, except Sunday.	Daily.	Daily.
		AM	PM	AM
Le. Bloomville.....	0	8 30	1 25	11 30
" South Kortright.....	5	8 40	1 35	11 52
" Hobart.....	9	8 50	1 45	12 15
" Stamford.....	13	8 00	1 55	12 40
" South Gilboa.....	16	8 07	2 02	12 55
" Grand Gorge.....	22	8 20	2 15	1 45
" Roxbury.....	27	8 35	2 29	2 31
" Halcottville.....	34	8 48	2 42	3 00
" Kelly's Corners.....	36	8 53	2 47	3 10
" Arkville.....	39	9 05	3 00	3 20
" Fleischmann's.....	43	9 16	3 12	PM
" Grand Hotel Station.....	46	9 28	3 24	
" Pine Hill.....	48	9 35	3 31	
" Big Indian.....	51	9 48	3 43	
" Shandaken.....	54	9 55	3 50	
" Allaben.....	55	10 00	3 55	
" Phoenicia.....	60	10 15	4 07	
" Mt. Pleasant.....	63	10 22	4 15	
" Cold Brook.....	65	10 27	4 20	
" Boiceville.....	66	10 31	4 24	
" Shokan.....	69	10 37	4 30	
" Brodhead's Bridge.....	70	10 41	4 34	
" Brown's Station.....	72	10 47	4 40	
" Olive Branch.....	75	10 54	4 47	
" West Hurley.....	78	11 01	4 54	
" Stony Hollow.....	79	11 05	4 58	
" Fair Street Depot.....	84	11 15	5 08	
Ar. Kingston.....	85	11 20	5 15	
Ar. Rondout.....	87	11 30	5 25	
		AM	PM	
NIGHT LINE STEAMERS.			AM	
Ar. N. Y., Foot W. 10th St.....			*3 00	
		PM		
HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE.				
Ar. N. Y., Pier W. 23d St.....		5 30		
" N. Y., Desbrosses St.....		6 00		
		PM	PM	
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.				
Ar. Grand Central Station.....		3 25	8 45	
		PM	PM	
WEST SHORE R. R.				
Ar. N. Y., West 43d Street.....		2 45	8 55	
" N. Y., Franklin Street.....		3 00	9 10	
" Jersey City, P. R. R.....		3 07		

*No steamer from Rondout on Saturdays.

Hudson River Day Line Steamers first trip from Albany, May 29.

ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD

STONY CLOVE AND KAATERSKILL RAILROADS, (NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.)

GOING NORTH.

GOING SOUTH.

13	7	9	STATIONS.		Elevation in feet above tide water.		8	2
Saturday only.	Daily, except Sunday.	Daily. Distances from Phoenicia.					Daily, except Sunday.	Daily.
			U. & D. R. R.					
PM	PM	AM	<i>Lv.</i>	<i>Ar.</i>	<i>Tide</i>	AM	PM	
6 50	2 55	7 40	11 30	5 25	
7 10	3 08	7 53	184 11 20	5 15	
8 12	4 21	9 10	79- 10 15	4 07	
			NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.					
PM	PM	AM	<i>Lv.</i>	<i>Ar.</i>		AM	PM	
8 15	4 25	9 10	798	9 00	3 55
8 23	4 35	9 20	1011	8 50	3 45
8 35	4 52	9 37	1500	8 24	3 29
8 47	5 05	9 50	1793	8 20	3 15
18 55	15 15	10 00	2071	7 10	13 04
9 02	5 33	10 08	1700	8 00	2 53
9 12	5 35	10 10	1605	7 50	2 40
9 03	5 25	10 10	1700	7 55	2 45
9 12	5 35	10 20	1862	7 45	2 35
9 20	5 43	10 28	1920	7 35	2 25
PM	PM	AM	2067	AM	PM
.....	20	2145
.....	21	2145

Trains Connecting with Otis Elevating Railway, (NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.)

		Distances from Tannersville.	STATIONS.		Distances from Catskill M't'n Station		
.....	0	<i>Lv.</i>	<i>Ar.</i>	6
.....	2	4
.....	4	2
.....	5	1
.....	6	0

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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